

He Knoweth Best.

What if the way seems long and weary
Thy tired feet are forced to tread?
Some day thou shalt look back with wonder,
And say, "My steps were gently led,
The way was short.

What if the rough stones wound thee sorely,
And to thy pathway terrors lend?
Turf soft and green thou wilt find only,
When thou hast reached thy journey's end,
Where thou shalt rest.

What if thou seest more of shadow
About thy path than sunshine's light?
The days that are but gray and cloudy,
End sometimes with radiance bright,
At sunset time.

What if the work be very heavy
Thou doest now with many fears?
When all thy work slips from thy fingers,
Thine own shall say with falling tears,
They were brave hands.

What if the things thou most desirest
Are given to those who prize them not?
Perhaps some day thou shalt see clearly
That they would not have blessed thy lot.
He knoweth best.

What if thou fain wouldst shift the burden
In sorrow thou hast borne so long?
Before thee lies the crystal pavement,
There shalt thou cast it with a song.
Thou canst but wait.

What if the blessings of God's favor
Seems held from thee thy work to crown?
Some day thou shalt see that his mercy
Did forever and aye shine down
On thy faint heart.—PUBLIC LEDGER.

Baptizo.

BY E. E. ROBERTS.

Again and still again does this great question engage the attention of our church writers.

In to-day's EVANGELIST Bro. H. P. Moyer defends his views—just what they are I confess I am unable to say. Although not thinking myself able to instruct Bro. M., yet I fully accept the fact that God speaking through the mouth of the inspired Isaiah has said of the way of salvation, "that the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein." I regret the fact however, (although an earnest friend of education) through much learning the world knew not Christ, that Christ thanked God that he had hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed it to babes. Also that "the common people heard him gladly, but not many wise men." Now brethren, let us look over, as briefly as possible, the evidences of the case. First, from the common sense points of view, did any one, ever know any one who by reading the Scriptures alone, without any other instructions, wanted to be sprinkled, or poured? I never did, but I have known hosts of saints dead and Christians living, who by careful study of the Scripture left the sprinkling churches, to join in with those who baptize. Among the living, I would suggest Bro. J. D. McFaden. Let me tell you a case. In my mission S. S. work some years ago I gathered up a class of street Arabs from 8 to 14 years old. Our lesson one Sunday was the Baptism of Christ; and after reading the lesson and before making any comments, I said boys you have now read the description of the baptism of Christ. Now if you were told by me to baptize one of the other boys how would you do it? The leader said (his own words) "I'd duck him;" and that was the sentiment of every boy. And when I objected to it and wanted to know why they would do so they said, "I'd like to know how you'd make sprinkling out of that." The fact is, brethren, the way is so plain that the fool need not unless he is determined to "err therein."

But Bro. M. says Ah! but there's the Greek of it. Now let us have Greek, and Greek with a vengeance.

"From the constitutions and canons of the Holy Apostles." (Greek church.) "If any Bishop or Presbyter shall not perform three immersions of one mystery, but shall immerse once in baptism, let him be deposed." Greek Bro. M., Greek!

Bishop Gregory, the most eminent of his time and age. "Coming to the water, we hid ourselves in it, as the Savior hid himself in the earth." Chrysostom the patriarch says, "For sinking our

head . . . it is easy for us to be immersed and to emerge again . . . this is done three times." Philostorgius, Born A. D. 364, Educated at Constantinople, not known positively if a lawyer or religious teacher, wrote a religious history A. D. 425. "The Eunomians baptized not with trine immersion but one immersion as they said into the Lord's death, but it is clear by this one reference that all others did baptize by trine immersion. But listen to the testimony of our loved and respected American Bayard Taylor, when he describes what he saw in Athens a few years ago . . . but instead of affusion, it was a complete immersion, placing his hand on the child's mouth and nose, he plunged it completely under three times in succession. See travels in Greece and Russia pp. 54-59.

This is Greek, Bro., by Greeks who never have practiced anything but immersion, and that, my Bro., trine immersion. The brethren and only true baptism. Again hear Dr. John Lightfoot the great Presbyterian, "That the baptism of John was by plunging the body— . . . as also that of Christ and the Eunich— . . . admits of no question."

St. Jerome, "We are immersed three times that the one mystery of the trinity may appear."

Tertullian, Ibid Chap. 9, "Christ himself was immersed in the water."

This authority, so loved and honored, was born A. D. 160. Note the age and value of this, so close to Christ's time.

One more and we forbear. Dean Stanley the great English Episcopalian, "There can be no question as to the original form of baptism. The very meaning of the word was complete immersion in the deep baptismal water and that for at least 4 centuries any other form was either unknown or illegal unless in cases of sickness as exceptional.

But why multiply the evidence? I could fill this year's EVANGELIST full with the evidence of trine immersion, but what would be the benefit? If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, they would not hear one though he came from the dead. One thing, Bro. Moyer or no one else ever heard any of the advocates of sprinkling who dare condemn, as wrong baptism by trine immersion; they only plead that sprinkling is just as good and much more refined, and here lies the secret. A noted Bro. in conversation with me said, "I can get hundreds to come to the anxious bench to fen that will go down into the water.—there is the cross. There is the offense.

May God grant us one and all that childlike faith that will not hesitate or falter, but willingly follow wherever Christ leads.

Philadelphia, Mar. 29, '86.

False and True.

In looking at myself from a mountain view, I see apparently, a great object, but really only a shadow. When I was younger I thought I was a man of men, but now I know I am only a weak frail being, and when I am called from this world no one will scarcely miss me. When I apparently throw myself up in the air, I appear like an inflated balloon, but when left I fall, to the ground, to be noticed scarcely by any one.

The former is a worldly view, the latter a spiritual view. The former is a mist, the latter a reality. The former a false type, the latter a true type.

The trouble is man looks and trusts too much to himself. Self sometimes is the false image to which we bow instead of the true Jehovah. How carefully we deck our bodies with "dudes" apparel, and with society's latest fashions; whether they are comfortable, suitable or durable, we seem to care not. The innocent birds that are slain to be used to decorate human flesh, is a shame to our civilized country. Thus we destroy one of God's most beautiful and innocent objects, only to beautify (?) the only being of His creation that shouts curses at His name.

We may trust in our good works and consider them sufficient to land us safely home. We may follow the example of some great man, or become a member of a church that has a Sam Jones, Beecher, Talmage or Spurgeon, or some other great light, and expect their maneuvers to have us safe into the Eaven glide. To do so is false, to turn our faces heavenward is true.

The church to which we belong, the ordinances

which we perform or the Holy Word which we read, may all be put at us to trust or expect them to save us, but a wreck is sure to follow unless we trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. Any thing that will thwart the soul of man from trusting in the Lord our God, will surely bring destruction.

A good example is learned from Moses, Abraham, Elijah, Daniel and others who always said it was God who did the wonders in those days, instead of the men themselves. To trust in any thing but Jehovah is false, to trust in God is true.

G. A. COPP.

Fisher's Hill, Va., March 30th, 1886.

Songs in the Night.

Most birds sing in the morning. When nature awakes from her slumbers, and the gloom and darkness are breaking away, then every feathered warbler breaks out in joyous song. It is not difficult to sing in the day-time, when everything around is bright and sunny; but to sing in the night, when all around is bare and shadowy, and full of gloom,—this is unusual.

The gloom of the natural night, with its dark shadows, but faintly images forth the gloom of adversity and sorrow which sometimes sets in upon the soul; when every earthly hope seems blighted, when disappointment comes and trials gather, when pain oppresses and adversity assails us with a thousand darts. And yet there are songs for seasons of adversity, for God our Maker "giveth songs in the night."

Songs spring from within, and the gladness of the heart wakes the melody of the voice. Just as sorrow can be detected in the tones of the voice, so the joy of the heart rings out in glad some song. He who has been brought up out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and whose feet have been placed upon the Rock; whose heart has been awakened to glad some song by the light of the Savior's presence can sing amid sorrow, sing amid darkness, sing amid storms, sing in the valley of the shadow of death, while weeping endureth for a night; and when joy cometh in the morning, he shall sing on for "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and came to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—THE CHRISTIAN.

How It Is Done.

I remember a man who had been a Christian for two years, but who was bemoaning his hard and sinful heart. I said to him one day. "Did you ever know a sinner who had not a heart?"

"No," he said, "but mine is getting no better."

I arose and closed all the shutters, and made the room quite dark.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"I want to teach you how to drive away the darkness," I said; so I handed him a long broom and a duster. "Now I want you to sweep out the darkness."

"I can't," he said.

"Can't you if you try very hard? Will no amount of physical force do it?"

"Certainly not," he said.

Then I opened the shutters, and the room was beautifully illuminated. "So you see that, if you want the darkness and dreadings of your heart to be dispelled, it is not by any amount of effort of your own, but by letting in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. But now that we have such a beautiful light in the room, we may close the shutters again we shall want no more for a month," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we are not to expect to have a stock of grace laid up, on which we may draw; but that, if we would continue in the light, we must keep looking up to the Sun, and receiving his blessed rays into our souls."—SELECTED.

So live, so act, that every hour

May die as dies the natural flower,

That every word and every deed

May bear Within itself the seed

Of future good in future need.

He who holds his tongue saves his head.

The knife's wound heals; the tongue's never.